August 19, 2024

The Ex-Poseur

Featured This Issue: **D**emocracy? **N**ot **C**ertain!

DEAR EX-POSEUR MAGAZINE

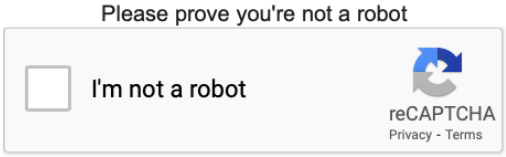
I am compelled to write to you to address the deeply concerning content of your last Christmas issue. Specifically, the misuse of Scripture depicting the Apostles as a comedy troupe piling into a Honda Accord. You had Peter exclaiming, "Lo and behold, for I have called shotgun first!" while Thomas doubted they could all fit. I understand the need for creative liberty and the urge to fill your vacuous pages with content more colorful than Joseph's dreamcoat, but I must urge a bit of caution. We can't have readers believing that the Last Supper was a drive-thru affair, or that the Sermon on the Mount was actually a podcast episode.

-Dr. Jordan Peterson
Ralston-Purina College

Editor's note -Sturgeon's law (or Sturgeon's revelation) is an adage stating "ninety percent of everything is crap." It was coined by Theodore Sturgeon, an American science fiction author, and was inspired by his observation that, while science fiction was often derided for its low quality by critics, most work in other fields was low-quality too, and so science fiction was no different.

In accordance with the statistical inevitability encapsulated by Sturgeon's Law, approximately 90% of this 'zine may be deemed as suboptimal.

Reader discretion is advised.



PROOF I AM NOT A ROBOT:

I bet you're thinking, *That thing's a robot, for sure.* Well, let me tell you something, buddy. Robots don't dream about eating a whole bucket of fried Vegan Chick'n Wings and then taking a nap on the couch. I do that all the time. *And* I publish a photocopied 'zine periodically *with my own money*! Now that's not something a logical and rational robot would do, is it?

If a politician goes vegan, can they still eat their words?

You Might Be A Trumpublican: Chicago DNC Edition

If you think Chicagoans speak either like Kanye West or the guys from "Da Bears" sketch on SNL, you might be a tRumpublican.

If you think Chicago is just one big DEI Apocalyptic Death Zone filled with gang violence and zombie voters, you might be a tRumpublican.

If you believe Chicago is a socialist dystopia where deep-dish pizza is distributed by the government, you might be a tRumpublican!

If you believe that Chicago's diversity is some kind of elaborate plot to make you feel uncomfortable, you might be a tRumpublican!

If you believe Chicago's winter is a punishment from God for voting Democrat, you might be a tRumpublican!

If you think Kamala Harris will be confirmed at the DNC so she can enforce a nationwide ban on guns, gas stoves, and saying "Merry Christmas," you might be a tRumpublican!

If you think Kamala Harris being confirmed in Chicago is a part of the Deep State's plan to replace all American food with vegan/Indian soul food, you might be a tRumpublican!

If you believe a 2023 Minnesota Education bill that included providing free menstrual supplies to students in grades 4 through 12 is just another way for liberals to get kids hooked on free stuff—like math textbooks, tampons, and- God forbid- health care—you may be a tRumpublican!!

Why do the Democrats never seem to run out of promises, but always run out of time to keep them?

The Secret 2015 Clinton Campaign Plan to Win The White House:

To: The Democratic National Committee
Re: 2016 GOP presidential candidates
Date: April 7, 2015

Friends,

This memo is intended to outline the strategy and goals a potential Hillary Clinton presidential campaign would have regarding the 2016 Republican presidential field. Clearly most of what is contained in this memo is work the DNC is already doing. This exercise is intended to put those ideas to paper.

Our Goals & Strategy

Our hope is that the goal of a potential HRC campaign and the DNC would be one-in-the-same: to make whomever the Republicans nominate unpalatable to a majority of the electorate. We have outlined three strategies to obtain our goal:

1) **Force all Republican candidates to lock themselves into extreme conservative positions that will hurt them in a general election;**

2) **Undermine any credibility/trust Republican presidential candidates have to make inroads to our coalition or independents;**

3) **Muddy the waters on any potential attack lodged against HRC.**

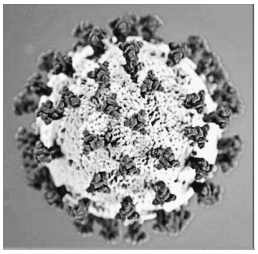
Operationalizing the Strategy

Pied Piper Candidates

There are two ways to approach the strategies mentioned above. The first is to use the field as a whole to inflict damage on itself similar to what happened to Mitt Romney in 2012. The variety of candidates is a positive here, and many of the lesser known can serve as a cudgel to move the more established candidates further to the right. In this scenario, we don't want to marginalize the more extreme candidates, but make them more "Pied Piper" candidates who actually represent the mainstream of the Republican Party. Pied Piper candidates include, but aren't limited to:

- **Ted Cruz**
- **Donald Trump**
- **Ben Carson**

We need to be elevating the Pied Piper candidates so that they are leaders of the pack and tell the press to them seriously.



2016 was HER TURN? If that's the case, then clearly we were all playing the worst game ever, where the villain wins and the sequel is almost as disappointing.

The Circus Comes Back to Town

The 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago was a cross between Woodstock and a police state—complete with hippies, yippies, and more cops than you could shake a stick at, although the sticks were later used to remind the protestors that advocating for peace and love might require a helmet. It was a linguistic playground, introducing us to new terms like "yippies,""hippies," and "pigs." So, thanks for that, 1968 Democrats. You may not have won the presidency, but you sure enriched the English language.

And now, in 2024, the Democrats are convening once again in Chicago, the city that perfected the art of the political circus.

Back in 1968, the Dems were so busy nominating a Vice President who didn't even run in the primaries, they ignored that half the country was up in arms about the war in Vietnam. Fast forward to 2024, and it's like déjà vu all over again. This time, they're busy nominating a Vice President who didn't run in the primaries, while ignoring that half the party is up in arms about the war in Gaza, while half of both Democrats and Republicans are still trying to recover from the ongoing pandemic—and many are still struggling from the aftermath of the 2008 Great Recession that refuses to stay in the past.

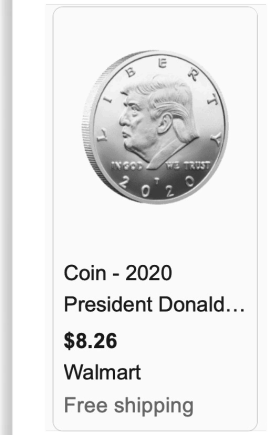
At least there is one issue almost everyone can agree upon: feeling relief that Joe Biden is about to retire. Some things do get better with age... eventually.

Those who cannot remember the past are probably younger than me.

They say that behind every successful man is a strong woman. But behind me, there's just a really long line of people waiting to use the bathroom.

THE DONALD TRUMP DOLLAR COIN!!

Why hoard actual American dollars when you can exchange nine of them for a Donald Trump coin? After all, what's better than taking perfectly good money and turning it into an expensive metaphor?



American Exceptionalism is lot like a Captain America comic book—a great symbol, but if you dig into the storylines, you start to see it's just a lot of punching and not much problem-solving.

I used to think I was alone in the world... but then I learned about parasites.

SCIENCE | JULY 31, 2024

Parasites Are Everywhere. Why Do So Few Researchers Study Them?

Aging parasitologists are working hard to inspire more students to enter the field

Existential Nihilism tells us life is inherently absurd. Therefore we have the freedom to define our purpose. But… what if my purpose is just binge-watching TV? Am I nailing it or failing it?

Out of Time

It was a crisp October night, the kind of night where you could almost smell the impending change in the air—or maybe that was just the overflowing trash bins in the Washington D.C. alley where the time traveler materialized. Dressed head to toe in a technological marvel of iridescent nano-fibers, he shimmered under the dim streetlights, looking like a disco ball that had somehow escaped Studio 54 and crash-landed into the nation's capital. The temporal jumpsuit dissolved, leaving the traveler stranded in the pre-hybrid era.

He hadn’t taken more than a few shaky steps before the sound of a car screeched to a halt. Two jaded police officers, who had seen everything from senators to streakers, jumped out. "Great," one of them muttered. "Another one."

"Take me to your non-hierarchical collective…or is it Dear Leader Trump?" the traveler requested, in a slurred voice that was equal parts commanding and confused.

The officers exchanged a look. "Get in the back," said the taller of the two, sounding like he was ordering a coffee. “Aw, don't bother cuffing him. He's already out of it." He had been on duty four years earlier, when the same thing had happened.

The traveler, depleted from the temporal leap, collapsed into the back seat of the cruiser. The second officer, always the more curious, leaned in and whispered, "Hey, bud, did you bring any lottery numbers? Stock tips?"

The traveler blinked, trying to focus. "Stock? Enron was a big…uh, has Bernie Madoff become famous yet?"

The officer gave a satisfied nod. "Thanks, bud." Tomorrow he would put half his savings in Enron. He had also heard of Bernie Madoff. He would have to invest with him soon, before everybody else got word.

As the cruiser pulled away, the traveler slumped back, exhausted. It wasn't long before they pulled up to the back entrance of the CIA building in Langley. Two uniformed guards, looking like they had drawn the short straw on the weird shift, met them.

"Another one?" asked the first guard.

"Yep," said the taller cop. "At least this one's wearing an adult diaper."

The second cop chimed in, "Thank God." Time travel was unusually rough on the excretory system.

The guards took the traveler by the arms, guiding him into the sterile interior. They deposited him in a waiting room that looked like it had been furnished by someone who had given up on interior design somewhere in the mid-'50s. A woman that could only be described as matronly handed him a Japanese energy drink and two pills.

"What day is it, exactly?" the traveler asked, rubbing his temples.

"It's Halloween," she replied, as if she had given this answer more times than she cared to remember.

"Then I'm too late to stop 9/11?"

"No, hun, we have that for emergencies now, but you do have a few minutes to change and use the restroom."

"There is no time to rest!" he protested.

"Restroom, meaning the toilet, sir."

The traveler, still disoriented but gaining his bearings, was led to a locker room where he found a pair of gym shorts and a hooded

sweatshirt with an H.G. Wells time machine monogram waiting for him. The ensemble was far from flattering, but it was less conspicuous than the dependable, chrono-resistant garment that survived materialization.

Once showered and clothed, he was asked to write his name (George) on a sticky name tag, then escorted to a fluorescent-lit room where a circle of similarly dressed men, women, and a few individuals who defied simple classification, sat waiting. Looking closer he saw that all of them, including a young woman, looked eerily similar to himself, like they were his long lost cousins. The agent gestured to the 12th seat, and the traveler took it, glancing nervously at the others. They all looked as haggard as he felt.

An older man in a blue suit, sitting in the 13th chair and facing the entrance, cleared his throat and addressed the group. "Welcome, everyone. I know you've traveled across time and space to be here, and we appreciate your sacrifice. Your information is important to us. In a moment, we'll go around and you may introduce yourselves, identify your era and mission on the Vision Board behind me." His tone was a mix of government jargon and 12-step meeting lingo, like a bureaucrat who had read too many self-help books. The group members all started talking at once, each stating in their own fashion that it was vitally important they be heard immediately, due to there being little time left to prevent a political disaster.

The moderator, who had seen every flavor of crazy D.C. could muster, reminded the group to be patient. "Everyone will have a turn to deliver their warning," he said, sounding like a harried kindergarten teacher

dealing with an especially unruly class. "But for the sake of an orderly process, we'll begin with the speaker to my left."

The traveler watched as the first to stand was a man who looked unsettlingly familiar. "I am Jorge," he said. The traveler squinted—Jorge looked like him, if his grandparents had taken a detour through Central America.

"The time I come from is a nightmare! ¡Al diablo con Trump! You must stop Al Qaeda from blowing up the debate in 2000! Gore, Bush, Buchanan! Any would have been better than Trump!"

Clearly unimpressed by the outburst, the moderator stood up and walked over to a Vision Board that had more thumbtacks and red string than a conspiracy theorist's basement. "I see that one, Jorge. But you're a few years early. This cycle it's Bush #1, Clinton #1, and Perot on the ticket."

The room grew tense as the next figure stood up—this one taller, bulkier, like someone had taken the traveler's DNA and engineered him specifically to dominate in football. His name tag read "Gio."

"POINT OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE! Point of order! This is a matter of grave importance to the entire human race!"

The moderator spoke softly, so everyone would be forced to quiet down to listen. "We're in a sharing space right now, Gio. Everyone here is working on their own journey. When it's your turn you can share your warning in your own way, there's no need for parliamentary procedure."

"But I thought this was 2008!" he shouted, his voice reverberating off the sterile walls. "Aren't Jeb Bush and Hillary Clinton running? Bush has to win, or there will be a global economic collapse!"

The moderator smiled, calmly reassuring, "we understand that you're feeling urgent about something. Let's see if we can find a way to share that in a way that works for everyone here. All opinions matter."

Before the moderator could even call on the next in line, a woman two chairs away shot to her feet. She, too, bore an eerie resemblance to the traveler, though her lips were fuller, her eyebrows slighter, and her physique sported a different arrangement of bumps and bulges. Her name tag identified her as Geo'vgina.

"Professor Lenora Fulani MUST take office in 1993! This is non-negotiable!" she declared with the fervor of a street preacher.

The moderator frowned, putting a pin in her enthusiasm with a finger pointed at the Vision Board. "We need to maintain an orderly process, ma'am. Fulani's not even on the radar in this timeline."

Geo'vgina shot the moderator a dirty look, then sat back down and spat. "You're probably a Carter appointee!"

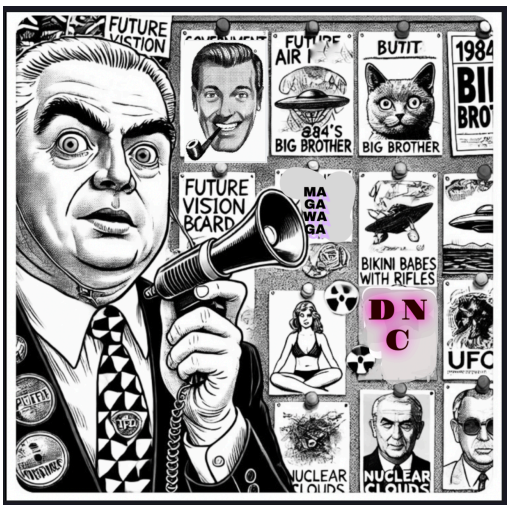
This last comment caused one clean cut young man whose name tag read Georgé to stand up and cheer: "Carter/Nader 2000!"

The room fell into mild confusion as another version of the traveler, this one effeminate but sleekly muscular and better groomed than the others, interjected. "Oh please, I'm here to stop Bubba from winning in '96. Believe me, the world will be better if the funny little billionaire wins. He's mostly harmless, doesn't get anything done, then Gore can win in 2000. He at least talks about global warming"

"Global warming is good! It offsets nuclear winter! Go Jeb!"

Voices overlapped in a cacophony of conflicting predictions, everyone trying to out-yell the others with their vision of impending doom. It was a conspiratorial cocktail party gone horribly wrong.

Just as it seemed the arguing would escalate to physical altercations, the moderator—who had clearly had enough—pulled out his trusty air horn. He blasted it with the kind of authority that only comes from years of dealing with people who think they know better than everyone else.



The room went silent, each taken aback by the rude interruption. They stood there, blinking at the moderator as if they'd been woken from a collective fever dream.

"Thank you," the moderator said, lowering the horn. "Now, let's try to remember that we're all here for the same reason: to deliver our warnings and save the Future. But we have to do it in a way that's productive. I'm sure we can all see that." The group murmured in agreement.

He continued, "For the past forty years, approximately a dozen individuals claiming to be time travelers appear in the same alley in D.C. for each presidential election, warning of impending doom if one candidate or the other is elected…or not elected. The warnings are usually non-applicable, although sometimes actionable intelligence emerges. Unfortunately, they never have a way of returning to their timelines. They're usually reintegrated into society…we find most are happiest in social democracies like France or New Zealand, but occasionally a few stay here in the U.S. and become on-air personalities in TV and radio." The moderator crossed his fingers behind his back. "Now, are any of you geo-engineers? Climate scientists…infectious disease specialists… economists?"

There was silence. The moderator sighed, rubbed his temples and thought *it's always the partisans. Never an actual inventor or physicist*

in the bunch. He cast a weary glance at the group, then the Vision Board outlining the possible branching futures, realizing that no matter which candidate won the election, the country seemed doomed to mediocrity. Maybe next election we'd receive a group of travelers who could do something useful.

As the fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, the moderator realized that the future wasn't just up in the air—it was circling the drain.

~~10~~ 9 Signs Your Memory Might Be Going

1. Do you ask the same questions over and over again?

2. Do you struggle to remember the name of that young girl, the actress, well, no she's a singer, you know the one, she's dating what's his name, and his brother is also a football player. She wears boots and people were getting the Virus at all her concerts.

3. Do you have problems remembering recent events? Well, sometimes it's a blessing what with everything that is going on these days.

4. Do you misplace things more often than a magician loses rabbits in hats? Have your keys developed an adventurous spirit, your glasses a desire for travel?

5. Do you have moments when your decision-making skills seemed to take a day off, like putting cereal in the freezer or your wallet with the you know, with the stuff that does the thing?

6. Do you wonder how you can be sure if your memory is worse, or was it always like this?

7. Do you ask the same questions over and over?

8. There's another one. It'll come back to me.

Speechless: Harris vs. Biden vs. Trump

“We hold these truths to be self-evident. All men and women are created, by the, you know, you know the thing.” -Joe Biden, March 2020

“… talking about the significance of the passage of time, right, the significance of the passage of time. So, when you think about it, there is great significance to the passage of time in terms of what we need to do to lay these wires.” -Kamala Harris, March 2022

“I don’t think anybody’s more qualified to be president or win this race than me” -Joe Biden, July 2024

"Nobody knows the system better than me, which is why I alone can fix it.” -Donald Trump, 2016

“I am running the world.” -Joe Biden, July 2024

"I think I am, actually humble. I think I'm much more humble than you would understand." -Donald Trump, July 2016

“I think I probably have a much higher IQ than you do.” -Joe Biden, April 1987

"I am a very stable genius.” -Donald Trump, Feb. 2018

“Build more schools- less jails…I have a fundamental problem with that approach” - Kamala Harris, 2013

“I love the poorly educated." -Donald Trump, Feb 2016

“You think you just fell out of a coconut tree? You exist in the context of all in which you live and what came before you.” -Kamala Harris, May 2023

"Nobody knew that health care could be so complicated.”- Donald Trump, 2017

Pigasus's Pork-Barrel Guide to Chicago Politics

Disclaimer: *The following insights come from the unique perspective of the ghost of a pig who ran for President of the United States in 1968 for The Youth International Party. His understanding of everyday human affairs is limited, but then again, the leaders of both parties suffer the same limitation.*

Chicago politics is a fine stew, a rich simmering broth of ambition, patronage, and dash of what can only be described as "premium-grade hogwash." Even as a disembodied animal spirit, it's clear to me that the key ingredient to success in Chicago politics is a thick skin—preferably one that can withstand a good roll in the mud, or better yet, a public hearing.

First things first: find yourself a good mentor. Someone who knows the difference between a pork chop and a pork barrel, and isn't afraid to throw a little of both around. And remember, always keep hand sanitizer and a spare pair of rubber boots and gloves handy. You never know when you might find yourself knee-deep in something that smells suspiciously like "civic duty."

As for the DNC, gear up properly—inside the United Center, a KN-95 mask will suffice. But if you plan on joining an anti-war march, you'll need to upgrade your PPE: eye protection, hat and sunblock, and maybe a spray bottle filled with the magical concoction of 50% water/50% Maalox. It's not just for upset stomachs anymore—it's also great for warding off the sting of tear gas. And should you find yourself face-to-face with a tear gas canister, kick it down the gutter or douse it with water. Consider it a public service, ensuring that your convention experience remains relatively tear-free—except for when the election results come in.

Most of the images in this zine were generated with the assistance of ChatGPT, although it stubbornly refused to draw any major political figures stating "it seems there were some issues generating the image" ...even if I didn't drop names and only requested a "new-agey pant-suited bicultural former California Prosecutor" or "fascistic elderly mogul and reality TV star with an elaborate comb-over."

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